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MOTHER'S OLD HYMN.

Through the trembling folds of the twilight dim
I can hear the strain of that grand old hymn
Which mother, whose heart is now still and cold,
Sang amidst her cares in the days of old.

* * * * * *

There was something about it, undefined,
That charmed into quiet the troubled mind.
O'er the bleak hearts breathed with a spirit bland,
Like a warm south wind o'er a frozen land.

And crowning it all with a strange, deep chord,
Like the throb of the heart of the blessed Lord,
That shed through the fainting soul abroad
A sense of the pitying love of God.

The songs of the singers that fame has crowned
In the flood of the years are lost and drowned;
But mother's old hymn, every pause and tone,
With the growth of time has the sweeter grown.

* * * * * *

And it seems not out of the past to come—
An echo only of lips that are dumb—
But down from the home of the glorified
It has always come since the day she died.

We know not the music that spirits hear
As earth is receding and heaven drawn near,
But treading death's valley of shadows dim
I ask but to hear my mother's hymn.

—*Baltimorean.*

THE BLOODY MARK.

A Plain, Unvarnished Story of Remarkable Events.

In an age when scientific men are beginning to recognize the fact that there are certain forces, which, under certain mental conditions, manifest themselves by phenomena hitherto unrecognized or scorned as the result of successful imposture, a tale partaking of the marvelous should need no apology. Such tales, heard at second hand, have hitherto only served to create a pleasant horror. No element of truth has been ascribed to them; they are forgotten as soon as heard. Perhaps the story of an eye-witness may help people to understand that in this commonplace, work-a-day world strange things are happening, and that the veil which divides the seen and the unseen is very slight and unsubstantial. There will be no need of craftily worded description. The plain, unvarnished story is strange enough.

The scene of my story is laid in the little college in Pennsylvania from which I graduated. It was barely ten years ago, but the college was very conservative, and holding to old traditions, resembled a boarding-school of to-day rather than a college. Among its petty rules was one, that all "chumming" should be done by lot—that is, a fellow was not allowed to choose his own room-mate, but was obliged to abide by the man drawn for him by lot. How so unsatisfactory a method could have been instituted I can not tell—however, such was the case. I, as an invalid, had been allowed to room alone. Directly below me, during my senior year, were two freshmen, a Westerner and a Southerner, who, by the curious system before alluded to, had been thrown together, though perfect strangers. Never had fortune made a worse selection. For the first term they managed well enough, though there were several quarrels—they were both of hot temper—but in the last term continued disputes, involving blows, often obliged me to interfere as a peacemaker. There was no remedy—they could not tell the authorities that they could not live in peace together. I think it was chiefly the Southerner's fault. He was a raw, ignorant lad from a rough mountain district of North Carolina, brought up by hard words and only instilled with the idea that it was manly to fight upon the slightest occasion.

One morning in December the Southerner was absent from the breakfast table. The Professor, who sat at the head of the table as monitor, inquired of the Westerner, Johnson, if his roommate was ill. Johnson replied that he had started to skate down the Schuylkill to Millsville in the moonlight to see some friends, and that he had not returned; that he probably had stayed over night. Nothing further was said at the time, but the Southerner did not return, nor did he visit his friends in Millsville. It was agreed that he must have fallen into an air-hole. The affair caused some excitement in the college, but was soon forgotten. It was agreed that if such had been his fate the body would be found when the ice broke up in the spring. It was noticeable that Johnson mingled rather more with the fellows—hitherto he had been a hard student.

As had been expected, one spring morning a body, supposably that of the Southerner, was found swaying up and down against the dam at Millsville. Johnson, perhaps, felt that I was his best friend in college—I liked the man—and when he was called to the inquest he asked me to accompany him. I disliked the idea, but could not refuse. There was a sickening sense of horror in the little white-washed room of the police station where the inquest was held. The plain wooden furniture, the group of earnest, troubled men, the bustling activity of the Coroner, the open window, with its view of the winding river, and there in the corner the marble slab, the awful something shrouded in white, with the water trickling over the face from the half-turned faucet, form a picture as fresh in mind as though I had seen them only yesterday. Johnson was deathly pale, but on entering the room, as if impelled by an irresistable impulse, he approached the body and drew down the sheet from its face. A horrible fascination bade me look. In the bloated face, blackened, with protruding tongue, one could not have recognized the Southerner. The head was bruised and battered by the ice, and there on the neck—the result of some collision probably—there was a deep, red mark, or rather smooch, that added to the ghastliness of the whole. How could Johnson bear so earnestly to gaze at it? How could he lift the hand as he did a moment to his lips? Was he sorrowing over the bitter disagreements, the hate he had felt for the unfortunate man?

He gave evidence in a low, firm voice to the effect that the drowned man had been on the river the night he had disappeared. The matter was quickly settled. We were returning; a chance movement showed me on Johnson's wrist, as it seemed in the moment's glimpse I obtained, a red mark. So much did it recall to my mind the horrible disfigurement on the neck of the corpse that, noting it was the hand which had raised that of the corpse, I involuntarily caught up his hand—but I was mistaken. "Nothing," I said in reply to his inquiry; "I thought I saw something on your hand." I remembered this fact, however, later.

The next morning I was awakened by a vehement knocking at my door. It was just four by the clock; the sun had not yet risen. Wondering what this sudden summons might be, I unlocked my door and in stumbled Johnson, muttering and moaning, his appearance indicating an extreme of fright. Falling into an arm-chair he lay back, white, still. Promptly I threw some water in his face, and pressing a brandy flask between his teeth, urged on him a full draught. This had its effect, and he recovered sufficiently to tell me his story.

"Drake," he said, "I—I—I killed my chum."

Horror-struck I recoiled from him, but with an outstretched deprecating hand he continued:

"But, in God's name, not purposely!"

Then, as if the confession had given him strength, he went on:

"That night we had quarreled, and he came for me with a knife. I seized him by the throat, and held him back. God knows I did not intend to do it. In my blind rage and in fear of my life I held him until he fell, a heavy weight at my feet. What could I do? I worked to bring him back to life—did you not notice his face and the mark of my fingers on his throat? Oh, believe me! Believe me! For the love of Heaven believe me!" he cried, falling before me and bowing his head between his hands upon my knees. And I—there was a sincerity in his speech that carried conviction of truth—I believed him.

"Johnson," I said, "I believe you. But why did you not tell the truth; you would not have been in danger?"

"In danger? No!" he exclaimed, starting up. "But could I have staid here? Would I not have had to go back to my old life and give up the college life I have so earnestly worked for? I could not have gone elsewhere. So I took the loathsome thing up, and through my open window I stole down over the fields, skulking in the shade, speeding over the moonlit places with all the horror of a guilty man. And I am guilty—now! Then down to the river, and the air-hole, and to see the body drop into the icy depths, and then rising through the black water, show the awful face with that bloody mark burning at the throat."

He spoke in rapid tones with rapid gestures, as he recalled the awful experiences of that night.

I sat frigid with horror. "It will turn his brain," thought I, "if I do not soothe him," and so carefully I quieted him, speaking to him gently and slowly.

"You have been guilty," I said, "but you can yet make reparation. Make a clean breast of it all, and clear your mind of its trouble."

"I will!" he said, "but not yet! Let me have but a day or two to compose myself. But I have not told you all. This morning, just before I came to you, I woke up and saw that horrible face at the window of my room."

"Johnson," I exclaimed, now not doubting that his mind was going, "recall yourself. Don't let the horror of all this overcome you. There was no such thing. It was your imagination, man."

"I dreamed the whole thing over again," he said solemnly, "and waking with every limb trembling with fear, I saw it as plain as I see you."

"That is just it," I said, and I showed him that such an appearance was a natural consequence of his mental condition. There is no need of describing the means I used to quiet him, but finally convinced him. "At least," he said, "sleep with me to-night." This I promised readily. I stayed with him off and on all day. Toward night I had so far succeeded that he had become composed, and was fully determined to confess all to the proper authorities. We slept together that night.

I do not ask you to believe me. I can only tell the story as it happened. That night I awoke, feeling a strange uneasiness. Johnson was sleeping very soundly—the result of his intense excitement. A glimmer of dawn was in the room. Casting a glance through the room door into the study beyond, in the half light of the window I saw—Oh! the horror of it!—the exact similitude of that ghastly face, blackened, with protruding tongue, the bloody mark upon its throat.

I lost consciousness, and, when I came to, it was full dawn, and Johnson was still sleeping quietly at my side.

I said nothing to Johnson. I dressed myself, half dazed, and went out to prayers. Casting my eyes up at the window, what was my dread and awe to see on the sill a bloody mark. It faded out before my eyes as I looked.

"John Drake," I said to myself, "are your senses leaving you, that you allow your imagination to play such tricks with you?"

But though mentally I was convinced that all I had seen was nothing more or less than the results of horror upon my imagination, the awfulness of it weighed upon me all day; yet I determined not to be overcome. I resolved to sleep again with Johnson that night. He had awaked refreshed and composed, and told me that on the succeeding day he would make his confession.

That night I locked the study and the room doors, and after long wakefulness fell asleep. Will you believe me when I say I awoke with the same feeling of dread I had experienced the preceding night, heard the locked doors open, heard a shuffling step come across the study, enter the room we were in—it is no idle story that the hair bristles under great fear—felt a weight settle across my chest, and lost consciousness? How long I lay in that condition I can not tell. When I came to myself the sun was shining in, a gentle breeze played with the curtain, the birds were singing and the chapel bell was ringing. I raised myself wondering why I felt so weak. I had forgotten the night's terrors—but catching sight of Johnson all came back at the sight. His face was blackened, his tongue protruded from his mouth, a bloody mark burned dimly on his throat.

It was a wonderful thing that this climax of horror did not permanently affect my brain. It was a week before I was around again—the physicians regarded it as a wonderful convalescence. I told them the story in full as soon as I had regained strength. They nodded to one another as if it confirmed some decision they had made. "Mr. Drake," they said, "there is a very simple explanation to your story. Mr. Johnson was insane. He was of a morbidly conscientious temperament. There was no doubt about the cause of the Southerner's death. He died by drowning. Johnson, affected by his death, remembering their continued disputes, the hate they felt for one another, grieved so deeply over the fact that death shut off all chance for reconciliation, and in his self-accusing contrition actually began to believe that he had killed the man. The post mortem examination reveals not only the fact that he died from the effects of an unsuspected chronic lung trouble, but also that he was insane.

"But why, if he was busied in self-accusation," I asked, "did he mingle so much more with the fellows?"

"The last struggles of sanity to drown the voice of insanity," they replied.

"But how can you explain the apparitions?—the bloody marks on his wrist, on the window, and on his throat?"

"All fancy? Is it wonderful that a horrible tale, told as he told it, with all the aspect of truth, should have affected you? You say you told him his imagination was deceiving him. You had better have looked out for your own. As for yourself, go to some quiet country village, and neither read nor write, but walk and talk and live easily and pleasantly, giving your brain an entire rest for at least three months. If you don't you may have brain fever."

It may have been fancy, but you could not, with every argument conceivable, make me believe in the unreality of what I saw and heard.

This is my story. Explain it as you will.—*Hartford Times.*

HOME-MADE ELECTRICITY.

The Inventions Which Are Revolutionizing Household Economies.

We can not allow another week to go by without calling the attention of all those who are interested in the application of electric light to the dwellings of every day people to the beautiful portable table lamps just completed and exhibited for the first time in the Eastern Arcade, which seems to have solved the difficulty over which electricians have been breaking their heads for some time past in a manner so simple and so complete that the question arises, as it often does when a difficulty is finally solved, why did no one think of it before? And yet it has taken three years of hard and continuous work to bring to its present perfection a lamp which is within reach of any ordinary home, and which after the first expense costs the very moderate sum of two cents an hour to burn, while it has all the brilliancy and softness of the best incandescent lights. The difficulties in domestic electric lighting have been that all the applications of it hitherto invented have required a dynamo, involving a considerable amount of horse power. For these reasons, no one unable to go to enormous expense could attempt it.

Inventions for storing electricity by the dozen came out, but the electricity always managed to ooze away. Then arrangements were attempted for having central stations and laying electric light on to the houses in a given area, much in the same manner as the gas companies do now; but unexpected difficulties arose here about the stations, and, though this plan has succeeded in some of the foreign capitals, London remained behind, as she generally manages to do in such matters. Men of wealth have, one by one, been lighting up their charming houses in this manner, but to the ordinary man of moderate means, and in all houses of limited incomes, it has been hitherto beyond reach. Now comes the table lamp, and to all appearances it is likely to revolutionize domestic lighting.

The solution of the problem is that there is no horse power required, no dynamo, no wires. The light, which is extremely brilliant, is produced from a galvanic battery contained in an oblong box, which fits into a case, which may be of china, wood or metal. The lamps at present being exhibited are in repousse brass cases, and we doubt whether any better form can be given to them than this. A certain measurement is necessary to allow for the battery itself and the receptacle for the acid solution, so that when not in use, or when it is wished to moderate the light, the zinc plates may be wound up—which is done by a small crank in the side—either completely free of the solution or so as only to leave a small portion in it. The solution itself is said to be extremely weak, so that no danger is likely to occur from the pouring away of the spent acid when the lamp is trimmed, which is done simply by filling the receptacle with fresh solution. The lamp is warranted to burn over six hours at full light, and for much longer if turned low. In its present form it is chiefly applicable for halls, libraries or dining-rooms. But a hanging lamp is about to be introduced, and the patentees have already provided a number of special designs in hand-painted china.—*London News.*

—A coincidence: "All alone, my dear child. I'm afraid that husband of yours neglects you terribly. He's always at his club when I call." "Yes, mamma; but he's at home all other times."—*Boston Post.*

AN EYE FOR COLOR.

The Colored Man Who Had a Notion to the Artistic Fitness of Things.

Dan. W——, one of our best known and most fashionable scions of Afric's sunburnt race, entered Hill's livery stable, at the Seven Corners, on Monday evening. Some half dozen loungers were holding down the available chairs in the office, thinking about nothing, and occasionally giving vent to the results of their cogitations by word of mouth.

"Mistah Hill," said Dan, "I'se always been a good customah of dis heah stable, haint I? Got all my rigs to' de las' two yeahs, I b'leve."

"Certainly, Dan," returned Mr. Hill graciously.

"Well, now, I tell you what I done want, Mistah Hill. I'se gwine ridin' wif my gal dis ebenin' an' I want jes' about de toniest rig you'se got in de shop."

"All right, Dan," said Hill, "your desires shall be fulfilled to the letter. Sam, bring out the white mare and put a gold-plated harness on her. Bill, run out that red-geared side-bar rig there and see that there isn't a speck of dust about it. Now, you Tom, you get that yellow lap-robe with the brown dog's head on it, and that nice ivory-handled whip of mine. You bet, Dan, we'll send you out in such shape that your friends on the Gold Coast wouldn't know you."

The spectators sat silently watching the preparations, while Dan stood polishing up his shiny silk hat, now and then casting an anxious eye at Hill. Finally everything was ready, and, with a hearty slap on Dan's back, Hill said: "There, old boy, just climb into that, and you can bet your life that there won't be another colored girl in St. Paul that will go driving in any such style this week."

"Well, jes' hol' on a minnit, Mistah Hill, said Dan, rather dubiously, "I'se 'fraid dat won't scasely do fo' dis chicken."

"Well, here's gratitude for you, I must say," returned Hill. "Here I swell you out with a rig that half of my white customers couldn't get, and you've got the gall to say it won't do. What do you mean by such talk, anyway?"

"Now, jes' wait a secon', Mistah Hill, till I splains dis ting; p'raps I'se mistaken, ah' may be it's all right; but jes' tell me now, hones', ain't that mare white?"

"Why, of course she's white."

"An' ain't dat buggy red?"

"Certainly it's red."

"An' dat 'ere lap-robe, it's kinder yaller, ain't it?"

"Looks a little that way, I'll admit," said Hill.

"Yes; an' de dog on de lap-robe he looks pretty brown, don't he, Mistah Hill, an' de wh p's jes' a little green, ain't it, Mistah Hill?"

"Why, of course; what of it?"

"Well, it's jes' dis way, Mistah Hill, you see, I'se purty consid'ble black myself, an' my gal—well, she's what you might call a beautiful rich molasses color; an' I'se 'frail, Mistah Hill, dat a red buggy, wif a yaller robe wif a brown dog on it, wif a green whip, all hitched to a white hoss, wouldn't exackly ha'monize wif a black niggah an' a molasses-kulled gal, Mistah Hill, an' so if you kin jes' kin'ly gimme de ole bay horse an' de black buggy, I specs it would mo' kinder ha'monize wif my ecstatic taste, Mistah Hill."

Mr. Hill admitted his mistake, and the gentleman was provided with what he wished, and drove off amidst the applause of the spectators. Hill has determined to take up the study of color as applied to out-door decoration before proceeding any further with the livery business.—*St. Paul Herald.*

SLAVES OF QUININE.

The Growing Abuse of That Drug as Reported by an Up-Town Apothecary.

"Have you noticed the growing use of quinine?" a druggist in the vicinity of the Fifth Avenue Hotel asked last night. At the same moment he bowed and smiled to a tall, red-whiskered man who strolled in.

"Just watch this customer," he said. The man was very thin and cadaverous looking. Without saying a word he walked up to the soda fountain, and the boy drew out a pill box, poured three pills into the palm of the customer's hand, set a glass of mineral water in front of him, and turned to the next customer. The tall man swallowed the pills, drank the water, turned on his heel, and stalked away with another pleasant nod to the proprietor.

"That costs him a dollar and forty cents a week," said the proprietor, "and before long it will kill him. He started to take one five-grain pill every night about six months ago; he now takes fifteen grains a night before he goes home, so that it will brace him up for his dinner. Within a month he will be taking twenty grains a night. Of course he takes it at home besides what he gets here. I've gone out of my way three or four times to explain to him that he had a good deal better drink rum, even if he is a deacon in church, but his answer is a simple one; he says quinine makes him feel cheerful and strong, and it has no ill effects. He tried stopping it once, and caved in; hence he wants to know why he should stop. You can't combat such reasoning as that."

"Have you many such regular customers?"

"Well, to be accurate, we have only three men who come in every day and pay at the end of the week, but there are many others who take their quinine as regularly as most drinking folks take their whisky. It is certainly a great temptation to weakly organized and frail people. All they have to do is to swallow a pill or two, and they feel robust, wide awake and cheerful. The practice grows on them continually, and it seems to be spreading, for our sales of quinine are constantly growing. A good proportion of the custom comes from women who grow fatigued or weary while shopping, and who, instead of buying nutritious luncheon or drinking a wholesome bottle of porter or ale, resort to the insidious quinine pill."—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE AVERAGE GIRL.

A Philosophical Dissertation Upon an Interesting Topic.

It is now confessed that cause affect all things, and that a sparrow lives under the laws of the universe just as truly as that Dante or Webster is the expression of his period. The girl of to-day is therefore a new form of human nature because new influences can not but bring about new shapes of character. The girl who is enjoying to the full the liberty of education and best form of American social and home life is really an object to be admired. Her vivacity, her industry, her wit, her taste, her kindness are such as to compel the notice and admiration of an anchorite. The liberty and equality which are the cardinal ideas of the country have helped the modern girl away from servitude just as truly as they have helped the slaves to escape the old yoke which they and their fathers had worn for centuries. The daughter of fifteen can converse with her father and mother and mature friends. Fear has departed without taking away modesty and without bringing in a reign of egotism and disrespect. Terrorism was always a blemish in society, whether it existed between man and servant, husband and wife, or parent and child. Force is the law of brutes, and hence terrorism belonged to the brute kingdom and came into man's world in times when the wall was not high between the animal and the human.

The educated girl of to-day overflows with affection toward her parents. Sharp words, fearful reprimands, are unusual. The child so fully desires to do what the parent wishes should be done that the home-life is a constant flow of companionship and affection rather than the eternal reign of authority.

The girl of to-day, with rare exceptions, is industrious and with a breadth of invention and execution. The ironical and often mean essays on the woman of the present picture her as good for little except for accompanying a Saratoga trunk on its wanderings in summer and for filling fashionable engagements in winter. Much of this sarcasm is deserved by the few, but when the millions of girls are thought of as they are ornamenting their mothers' homes in the villages and cities, the honest heart can not but confess that the word "girl" never meant more than it means to-day. This being when found in her best estate can go gracefully from her silk dress and piano to a plain garb and to work among plants, or to the kitchen, or to a mission school class. Nothing any longer is beyond her. In the city she can easily walk three miles. Languor has ceased to be fashionable; sleep in the daytime not to be endured. The soul is thought to be action, not repose.

All can contradict these words of praise; because all who think a moment can find exceptions in girls who are always just dead with a headache, or as averse a mummy to any kind of conversation or activity; girls who are pleased with nothing and nobody. These exceptions are so disagreeable that they seem to mar the whole world and make the beautiful characters invisible. In matters of this kind one can only offer opinions. One dare not assert with confidence. At a popular summer resort where quite a number of these sixteen-year mortals were met and observed daily, it appeared in evidence and in common fame that to be full of obedience toward parents, of kindness toward all persons and things, to be industrious, to be full of inquiry and rational talk, was not the exception, but the average of condition.

Why should a few girls of marked vanity and of giggling tendencies cast into reproach that multitude whose hearts are as innocent as the June flowers and June birds? Much of the ruin in character comes in the later years of woman when the imprudence of late dancing, late suppers and the mental anxiety and perhaps sorrows which come from the vain efforts of the heart to create a paradise of pleasure away from duty, make the cheeks fade early and the eye lose its luster in the morning like a sun that goes behind clouds before noon. As for noble girls of sixteen, the Western Continent is full of them. They are in the cities, in the villages, in the farm-houses. We meet them on all streets, along all paths, in the lonely and lovely country. They are ready for all duty and happiness, and constitute to all us older and fading hearts the most beautiful and divine scene on earth.—*David Swing, in Current.*

THE PROFESSION.

A Woman Who Was Guilty of Unprofessional Conduct.

In driving out into the country on the Grand River Road a few days ago, a Detroit lawyer encountered a horse and buggy driven by a woman. As she was driving on the wrong side of the road he made up his mind not to give up his rights. As a consequence the two horses finally came to a standstill with their noses rubbing each other. The lawyer stared at the woman, and the woman stared back. Then he pulled a newspaper from his pocket and began reading. In a minute she had her knitting out and was industriously at work. Ten long minutes in a broiling sun passed away, and the lawyer looked up and asked:

"How long are you going to stay here?"

"How long are you?"

"All day."

"And I'll stay here a whole week."

He read and she knit for another ten minutes, and then the lawyer called out:

"Do you know that I'm a lawyer?"

"I don't care for that," she replied; "I'm the wife of a Justice of the Peace."

"Oh—ah—excuse me, madam. Really, but if I'd known you belonged to the purlesh this would not have happened. Take this side, madam—take the whole road!"

"Oh, no, no, no! I'm sorry I detained you. Here—drive on, and excuse me if I have been guilty of unprofessional conduct."—*Detroit Free Press.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Josh Billings: The man who gets bit twice by the same dog is better adapted to that kind of business than any other.

—"It is impolite to talk to a man when he is reading." It is just as impolite to read to a man when he is talking.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—The American always imagines that unless he has charge of the universe some planet will shirk its duty and some constellation will go off on a picnic.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A cynical bachelor of another city says woman is a good deal like the accordeon. You can draw her out, but she "makes music" if you attempt to shut her up.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—"Uncle John," said Annabelle, "you must congratulate me. I am graduated." "I'm!" grunted Uncle John; "so is our old thermometer out in the barn, but what is it good for?"

—Old Mr. Ignoramus: "This new teacher ain't fit for business." School Commissioner: "What's the matter with him?" Old Mr. I.: "He can't spell worth a cent." "Can't spell!" "No, can't even spell; he told my darter to-day that 'skeeters' was spelled with an 'm'!"—*Golden Days.*

—School Board [visitor, while examining a scholar: "Where is the north pole?" "I don't know, sir." "Don't you? Are you not ashamed that you don't know where the north pole is?" "Why, sir, if Sir John Franklin, and Dr. Kane, and Captain Nares, and Markham couldn't find it, how should I know where it is?"—*Buffalo Express.*

—"Do you ever have a dreadful tired feeling come over you?" asked the patent medicine manufacturer of a friend, who complained of not feeling well. "Oh, yes, often," replied the friend. "You should try a bottle of my cure-all. How often do you experience this tired feeling?" "Every time I see your advertisement on the fences."—*N. Y. Times.*

—Lilian Whiting says "sleep is almost a lost art," and suggests that a society be formed to encourage experiments in sleep on the part of American women. If Lilian were to dismiss her young man before 2 a. m. and object to his calling seven nights a week she would get more sleep and change her opinion about the luxury being a lost art.—*Norristown Herald.*

—The last echoing whack of the skate-strap died away, and the thrilling howl that followed it faltered out in a tremulous sob as the boy emerged from the woodshed, a little wiser and a great deal sadder. "Do not come near me," he said, haughtily, as his sister Ann approached, her lips aquiver with sarcastic condolences. "I bear on my person the burden of royalty; the prince of wails is all over my back." But his sister Ann, with republican simplicity, thought that he had just been catching "hail Columbia." "No," the boy said, bitterly, "it was a skate satrap." He was monarchical to the bitter end; to both ends, in fact.—*Burdette.*

TONES OF VOICE.

An Important Factor in the Indication of Emotions and Dispositions.

If, then, care is needed to select our language so as to express with accuracy the thoughts we wish to convey, certainly an equal care is desirable that our tones of voice shall signify with equal accuracy those emotions or dispositions which it is desirable to make manifest. The chief difference between the savage and the civilized man is in the power and the habit of self-control. Some of the emotions need development, some restraint; all need training. They are not all fit for utterance, nor of those that are is it wise to give unreservedly to the world. There is no way of repressing feeling so effectual as to deny its expression. The very effort so to calm the tones of our voice as to express less anger than one feels will of itself allay the anger and bring about a milder mood. The brave struggle to endure necessary suffering without inflicting cries and lamentations upon friends will enhance one's power of endurance. He who resolutely changes a whining and fretful tone for a cheerful one will soon find much less to fret about. So, in many other instances, it is true that objectionable feelings will decrease if men steadily discard the tones of voice which convey them.

Such control, however, does not end with repression. Many of the emotions need not less but more expression to develop them into fuller existence. Some people are afraid of putting too much emphasis, too much tenderness, too much feeling into their tones of voice, and assume a careless or cold manner, an indifferent or unimpressive tone, to hide what they really feel. Now, if the emotion itself is a good one and its influence beneficial, it should be encouraged by every appropriate means. The world has need of all the love and tenderness, all the sympathy and compassion, all the cordiality and kindness that exists, and whatever of these men feel in their hearts should find a ready outlet in the tones of their voices, as well as in more substantial ways.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Foreign Time.

The Lake of Constance, in Switzerland, although not large, is bounded by five different countries—Austria, Bavaria, Switzerland, Wurtemberg and Baden. Now as each country reckons its time after its capital, considerable confusion exists along the lake, which is often annoying to tourists. For the difference, e. g., between Swiss and Austrian time amounts to no less than twenty-eight minutes. A tourist on one of the steamboats, before dropping a letter, has to ascertain carefully in what country the mails are deposited, so as to put on a proper kind of a stamp. In this point Germany herself needs a reform; for although there is a "German Empire," a letter with a Bavarian stamp, for instance, dropped in Wurtemberg, will not be forwarded, and vice versa.—*N. Y. Evening Post*